

ing; I should indeed be miserable if I could believe that I needed to save you from that.

I speak of the self-love which in all the details of life, makes us refer everything to the point of view of *our* health, *our* convenience, *our* tastes, *our* comfort; which in some sort keeps us ever before our own eyes; which lives on the little sacrifices it imposes on others, without feeling and almost without knowing their injustice; which considers everything conducive to its own comfort natural and right, everything that injures it unnatural and unjust; which exclaims on caprice and tyranny if anyone, even while sparing our feelings, pays some little attention to his own affairs. This fault alienates goodwill, grieves and chills friendship; we become dissatisfied with others, whose self-sacrifice can never be absolute enough, and we are dissatisfied with ourselves, because an unsettled and aimless temper becomes a settled and painful conviction from which we have no longer the strength to free ourselves.

If you wish to avoid this misfortune, take care that the feeling of equality and justice becomes your permanent mental attitude. Always expect or require from others a little less than you would do for them. If you make sacrifices for others, estimate these only according to what they really cost you, not according to the notion that they are sacrifices; seek compensation for them in your reason, which assures you that sacrifices are mutual, and in your heart, which will tell you that you yourself will not need them. You will then find that in these details of social life, it is sweeter and more comfortable, if I dare say so, *to live for others*, and that then only do we *really* live for ourselves.

NATURE NOTES.

SCALE HOW.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Windermere looked lovely this afternoon as we walked along the shore. There was a brisk breeze blowing, which just ruffled the surface of the water, and puffed out the white sails of a small yacht which sped swiftly down towards Lakeside.

Tuberous Bitter Vetch, Lousewort, Bugle Shining-leaved Cranesbill were found out for the first time to-day.

Tuesday, May 5th.—The early part of this afternoon was typical of the month, but later on it clouded over, and we had a thunderstorm. We went up towards Jenkin's Crag for a nature walk. The sun was "shining with all his might," and yet the mountains in the distance were obscured by a dull heat mist. All the flowers were wide open, as if to catch every possible ray of sunshine after the downpour of the last few days. The celandines and anemones were especially noticable. Their petals seemed to stand out quite rigidly as the plants raised their little star-like faces heavenwards. The trees are becoming beautifully green and fresh. The hazels are beginning to unfold their rather stiff, furrowed leaves, like the unfurling of a fan. We noticed that the scales of the leaf buds seem to persist for some time after the leaves are out, and they remain on the elongated shoot.

The wall all along the path was gay with flowers: here a cluster of violets half hidden beneath their sheltering leaves, there the stitchwort shone out like pure white stars, and the celandines spread out their shining, yellow petals to the sun, and every nook and crack between the stones was filled with lovely green mosses or lichens. The silver birches are very beautiful just now, as one sees their dainty leaves, and catkins swinging on their slender, supple twigs, the bark on the trunks shining silvery-white amongst the brownish-green of the neighbouring trees. The lake was very still indeed, the rushes at the edge scarcely moved,

and gradually the atmosphere began to thicken, as dark masses of clouds came rolling up from behind Wansfell.

The birds grew strangely silent, and a breeze suddenly sprang up and suddenly took its way sighing along the valley, bending the rushes at the edge of the lake. A distant rumble of thunder disturbed the silence, and presently a sharp flash of lightening sped across the sky, seeming all the brighter in contrast with the dark, angry-looking clouds and the dull, grey mist which was slowly but surely creeping over the mountains and down into the valley. The rain held off for some time, but then, down it came with a splash, dancing up and down on the path and on the top of the wall, while the thunder growled in the distance.

Thursday, May 7th.—We set off for Skelwith this afternoon to see if the globe flowers were out yet. We saw any quantity of buds, but very few were really out. The banks along the upper road are simply covered with bilberry plants, and the little pink bell-shaped flowers look so lovely amongst the mass of green leaves. We saw a great many lovely black shiny beetles on a loose, sandy bank, exactly in the same place where there were so many last year. They seem very sleepy, and if, as frequently happens, they slip and turn over on to their back, they only wave their legs feebly about and seem almost unable to right themselves again. On the underside they show most beautiful shades of green and blue in the sunlight. The Brathay at Skelwith was lovely as ever, dancing over the stones by the bridge, and rushing over the rocks at the falls with its usual impetuosity.

Friday, May 8th.—We set off for our Bird Walk this afternoon with a very special aim in view, namely, to go and see a reported moor hen's nest at the far end of Rydal. On the way we saw a redstart flying about the pines. All along the road the birds were very cheerful. They evidently think summer must be near, though the weather is anything but summer-like! The woods at the foot of Nab Scar seemed full of feathered songsters. Willow wrens and chaffinches, blackbirds and thrushes were all singing their level best. The see-saw of the great tit could be heard distinctly above the chorus, and by-and-by a coal tit also began to tune up. He also sings a see-saw, but the interval between the two notes is much less than that of the great tit.

Just by Wordsworth's seat we saw two sandpipers. They did not notice us for some time, and so we were able to watch them for a few minutes as they pecked about in the grass. Then they flew off to a tiny island uttering their peculiar, drawn-out whistle, fluttering their wings as they alighted on the rocks. As we drew near the end of the lake we saw what looked to be a bundle of twigs and rubbish floating about amongst the reeds. Upon closer inspection this turned out to be, not a moor hen's, but a coot's nest. It was not floating, but was quite firmly fixed to the rushes. As we approached, the hen coot slid cautiously out of the nest without making a sound, while the male swam about some distance away, as if he had nothing to do with such an untidy little nest. Presently the hen began to utter very peculiar cries, swimming uneasily round the nest. The noise she made sounded exactly like a small pop gun going off with a squeak after each report. We could not see into the nest as it was too far from the shore, but we were soon to see some of the contents, for after a few minutes a tiny, fluffy ball seemed to roll out of the nest and slip into the water without a sound, just as its mother had done. It floated about on the water, bobbing up and down, while the hen still called. Its head looked quite red, and the rest of its body seemed blackish. As the hen seemed rather uneasy we did not stay long, but tore ourselves away from the fascinating little red ball bobbing about amongst the rushes.

Saturday, May 16th.—We went across the moors beyond Brathay this afternoon. The gorse bushes shone out like bright golden patches against the grey rocks. The juniper flowers are almost out, and some of the little, spiky leaves are covered with a lovely blue bloom. The yellow, fleshy leaves of the butterwort may now be seen dotted about the bogs, and here and there a spray of lousewort peeps above the dark, sodden ground. The woods were full of primroses, which look so lovely amongst the oak ferns.

Friday, May 22nd.—This afternoon we went up to Sweden Bridge. After we had gone beyond the two straight walls that shut in the path for some way up, we had lovely glimpses of pale, yellow primroses on the green, mossy banks, and under the hazels was a blue mist of bluebells. We heard the cuckoo, Wordsworth's "Wandering Voice,"

shouting in the woods on Red Screes, but not once did we catch sight of him. Coming down again we saw a jay. He flew along the mountain for some way and then disappeared in a bush. Presently there was a great outcry, and a scuffle took place in the bush. Then two birds flew out, fighting furiously—one was the jay, and the other was a much-enraged thrush. Evidently the jay had been up to his old tricks of stealing eggs, but this time Mrs. Thrush had come home unexpectedly and caught the thief in the very act. They both flew into an ash tree and glared at each other for a few minutes, and finally the jay flew off, showing his beautiful blue wings.

Thursday, May 28th.—There was great excitement this morning amongst the rooks; the babies were learning to fly! They flopped about the branches of the sycamores in a helpless kind of way before deciding to trust themselves to the air. Once having left the tree they flapped their wings wildly, and were often carried helplessly about by the wind which blew in strong gusts.

Saturday, May 30th.—Heavy thunder showers fell early this morning and cleared the atmosphere. The trees and grass look up fresh and shining in the morning sun, and everywhere is the deliciously earthy smell that follows rain.

We went down by the lake in the afternoon, and on the shore, hidden amongst the grass and bistort, we found a tiny, brown, dome-like nest. It was built of dry grass and skeleton leaves. The door in the side was most skilfully hidden by a bistort leaf. The inside was lined carefully with feathers. Five tiny pale pink eggs, with darker pinky-brown speckles, lay in this snug retreat. A small brown bird flew out of the nest, and when she sat still for a moment on a hawthorn, we saw she was a willow wren.

Thursday, June 4th.—We spent the whole of the afternoon in Dove's Nest Woods, watching all kinds of little creatures in the pools and amongst the grass. We saw two little brown-black caterpillars, with notches all along their bodies, and looking exactly like tiny hawthorn twigs. One of them let himself down from the tree by a fine, silken thread, unwinding it in jerks. He came down about two feet, and then, finding nothing to cling to, he swung in the air for a few minutes, and then began to climb up again, rolling the thread into a tiny ball with his feet. He twisted his head

and body about in a most extraordinary manner in his efforts to climb up, and frequently had to take a little rest. At last he reached the twig again, and quietly dropping his ball of silk he crawled away. Presently we saw a black ant struggling along under the weight of a green fly much larger than himself. I think he must have got frightened, or perhaps the fly was too heavy, for he soon dropped it and ran off in great haste.

We then turned our attention to a quiet little pool in the stream, and watched the water-skaters skimming along the surface. In one corner the caddis worms seemed to have founded a colony. They kept very much to themselves, some creeping about with very important airs trailing long sticks and straws behind them. Other smaller ones had built their houses of bits of stone, and were very difficult to distinguish from the rocky bottom of the pool.

About six o'clock p.m. a swarm of May flies seemed to appear as if by magic. There they were, all in a moment, dancing over the water as if they were wound up and could not stop. In and out, backwards and forwards, up and down they danced in a never-ending maze. They evidently did not intend to waste one moment of their short lives.

After spending one or perhaps two years in the preparatory stages of their existence, the may flies only live for a few hours as a perfect insect. During their mad dance over the water they seek their mates and the eggs are deposited. Before the next morning all, or nearly all, these merry dancers will have perished, as they have no means of taking in food.

Tuesday, June 16th.—I went down to the point this afternoon with the children. We visited the willow wren's nest, and found six strong, healthy birds, with yellow, gaping beaks. Their breasts were quite a pale yellow, and the rest of their bodies seemed to be fawn coloured.

Thursday, June 18th.—The white water-lilies are lovely on Lily Tarn just now, and some of their round, flat leaves are such a lovely crimson colour. We found several pupa skins of dragon flies, the legs still clasping the grass as when the live creature was inside.

Wednesday, June 24th.—At last there has come a good downpour of rain. Towards evening it cleared up, however, and we went to Brathay. Already the grass on Loughrigg

looked fresh and green once more, instead of being parched and brown. The leafy cups of the lady's mantle are as full as they can hold, and the flowers bend under their load of rain drops. We scrambled along the side of the river beyond the wooden bridge by the Church, and found some lovely blue milkwort and marguerites in abundance. Here and there the otherwise bare, grey rocks were brightened by brilliant patches of thyme, and everywhere grew clusters of crimson-tipped bird's-foot trefoil. We even saw a few late violets down by the water's edge. The meadow vetching is lovely in the lane, and we saw one piece of beautiful purple tufted vetch scrambling up an old moss-covered wall.

EXTRACT FROM "ALICE AT SCALE HOW."

"Oh! Queen," began Alice, remembering she had heard it said that you should always address a Queen in the Vocative. The Queen apparently had not heard her, so Alice began again in a trembling voice, "Oh! Queen."

"Did you speak," said the Queen.

"I only said 'O, Queen,'" said Alice.

"Begin, child."

"Oh! Queen," began Alice again, "Could you tell me why the gerunds in the verb '*to advise*' should be arranged out of order; the Ablative seems to come before the Dative and they are all upside down. Does it make any difference?"

"None at all," said the Queen, "you see it's not quite all there; it says 'I was about to advise, to advise you to be advised,' but it's perfectly mad; it's no good taking any notice of it. It always goes on like that. You see it's always 'about to be advised,' but it never *is* advised, and so it remains unadvised."

"It's a great pity," said Alice, "and it seems to be a very difficult language to learn. It seems to me that every

thing at last declines, even a cat, until you see nothing but the grin." "Could you tell me," continued Alice, "if, in that case, it should still be addressed in the Vocative?"

"Certainly," said the Queen, "it would be extremely rude to address it in any other way: you must begin as usual, 'Oh, Grin!'" "For instance," said the Queen, "the King is declining hard, he always is, he goes on continually declining 'to be advised,' he can't help it, he's perfectly mad, but I still address him in the vocative, 'O, King.'"

"The cat's is a sad tail," said the Queen.

"Is it very long?" said Alice.

"It's very long," said the Queen. "You see it wanders from the point."

"When you look at it full face," said Alice, "you would never think it had a tail."

Queen, suddenly addressing Alice, "Do you go to the bun-struggle to-night, child, at the Palace," said the Queen. (Before Alice had time to answer the Queen faded away, and disappeared altogether out of sight.)

"Well, I suppose she has declined, at any rate," said Alice to herself.

At this moment Alice heard the Duchess wailing in the Millett-room, wailing as she had never wailed before. Her cries became so agonising that Alice quickly hurried off to her assistance. On the way she encountered the White Rabbit hurrying round the corner. He looked very pale and agitated, and was trembling from head to foot, and fearing she had shattered him she began to apologise.

"I am very sorry," began Alice.

"Don't talk to me like that," said the White Rabbit, "it's a false statement: you should say, 'How very clumsy of me!'" and before Alice had time to explain, the White Rabbit hurried off again, with a compass in one hand and a watch in another, muttering to himself, "South, south-west, east then south—one, two, three, four, five, six." Alice felt very sorry for him, as he was evidently quite unnerved.

A little further on Alice came upon the Beppie struggling along with a small clock hanging round its neck; in one hand a large compass, and a walking-stick and a pocket-book in the other. The walking-stick apparently turned into a pencil. It seemed to have great difficulty in making

its calculations, and Alice noticed it stopping at each corner to look at its clock, and then, shutting its eyes tight, and screwing up its face, it made rapid calculations on its fingers, scribbling down the results in its tiny pocket-book by the aid of its large pencil.

"May I ask what you are doing?" said Alice.

"Pacing," said the Beppie; "Can't stop."

And on it paced, taking enormous strides, and as Alice watched she saw it catch up the White Rabbit, and they hurried on together, and disappeared round the corner.

Alice began to feel very uncomfortable. Was she dreaming? or was she mad? or were the animals mad? or were they all mad?

(A JUNIOR.)

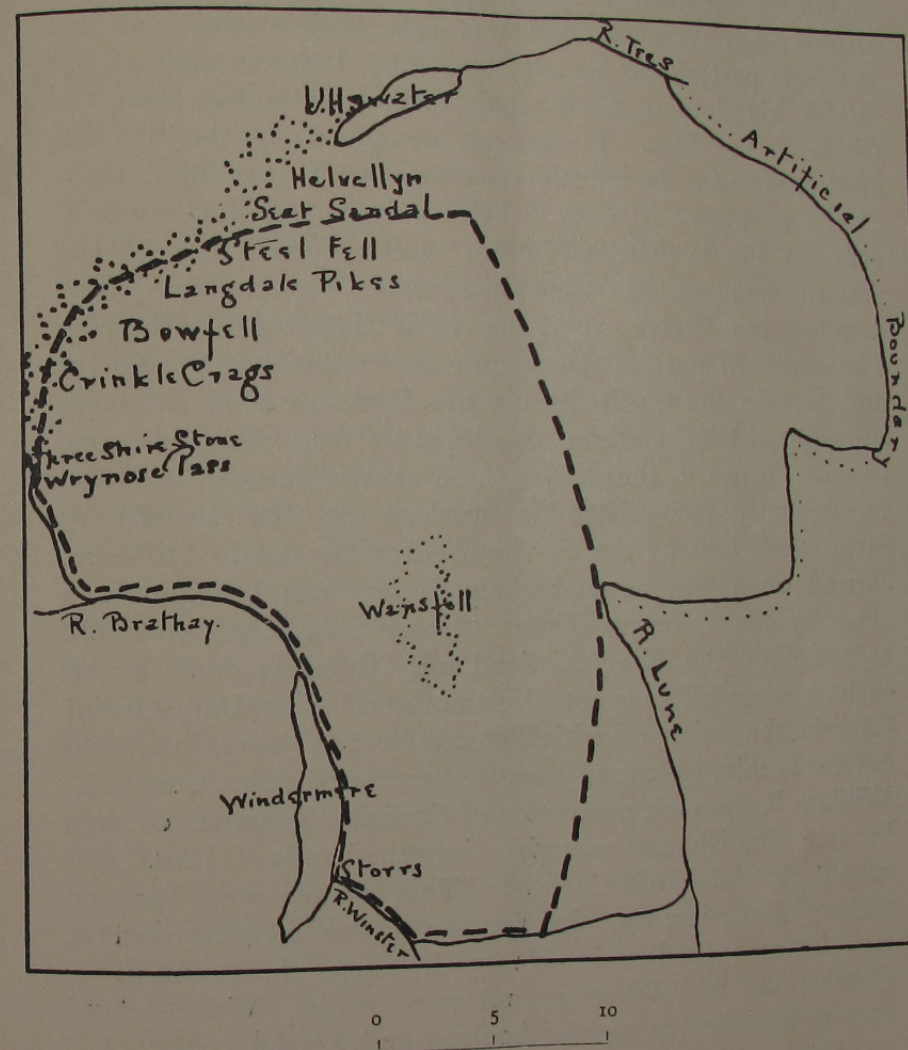
SCALE HOW,

11TH JULY, 1903.

Pacing is the means by which we measure distances. For instance, we pace from Scale How to Waterhead—perhaps it comes to 1500 paces. We know the length of our pace before we start; mine is about thirty inches. Then we reduce the number of paces to feet or yards, and so we have the distance. Also we "take directions" with a compass, to find whether we are walking towards N., S., E., or W. Some people do "time" (the Beppie in "Alice at Scale How"); that is, they count their paces for one minute, and then leave off counting but walk on steadily. Having reached their destination, they see how many minutes they have taken, and multiply them by the paces they counted. This is a very muddled explanation. It is most annoying to get to Waterhead and be accosted by a boatman—"Nice day for a row, miss!" "No," you splutter, "56, 57—no—58—thank you—60!"

In the sports the answer had to be in yards, so several people took enormous yard paces to save the trouble of doing any sum at the end.

GEOGRAPHY SKETCH—WESTMORLAND.



On June 6th, 1902, we went up Wansfell, provided with note books and pencils, and from our own observation, with the help of a compass and ordnance map, we made a sketch map of the county, marking with a dotted line what we could see.

The name Westmorland comes from the Latin Westmarialand or Westmarland, which was changed into Westmerland or land of the western meres, and finally became